Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet ſound, and read our this.

Cap. Sound Trumper.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoaſt of the Army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, ſuppoſed Earle of Gloceſter, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appeare at the thirde ſound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Baſt. Sound. Againe.

Enter Edgar at the third ſound, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Vpon this call o'th trumpet?

Her. What are you? your name and quality?
And why you antwer this preſent ſummons?

Edg. O know my name is loſt by Treaſons tooth:
Bare-gnawne and canker-bit,
Whe re is the aduerſary I come to cope with all?

Alb. What is that aduerſary?

Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter?

Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſayſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart, thy arme
May do thee iuſtice, heere is mine:
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, youth, place and eminence,
Deſpight thy victor, ſword, and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
Falſe to the gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conſpicuate gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt-beneath thy feet,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor: ſay thou no,
This ſword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits,
Is bent to proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy outſide lookes ſo faire and warlike,
And that thy being ſome ſay of breeding breathes,
By right of knight-hood I diſdaine and ſpurne,

With

With the hell hatedly ore-t
Which for they yet glance
This ſword of mine ſhall g
Where they ſhall reſt for e

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him

Gon. This is meere pract
Thou art not bound to offe
Thou art not vanquiſht, bu

Alb. Stop your mouth I
it: thou worſe then any thi
tearing Lady, I perceiue yo

Gon. Say if I do, the lawe
me for it.

Alb. Monſter, knowſt tho

Gon. Aske me not what I

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's d

Baſt. What you haue cha
And more, much more, the
Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but w
me? If thou beeſt noble, I

Edg. Let's exchange cha
I am no leſſe in blood then
If more, the more thou haſ
My name is *Edgar*, and thy
The Gods are iuſt, and of o
Make inſtruments to ſcour
Where he thee got, coſt hi

Baſt. Thou haſt ſpoken
The wheele is come full ci

Alb. Me thought thy ver
A royall nobleneſſe, I muſ
Let ſorow ſplit my heart if

Edg. Worthy Prince I k

Alb. Where haue you hi
How haue you knowne th

Edg. By nurſing them m
Liſt a breefe tale, and when

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